of the dome; have winged their prayers heavenwards beneath its shadow. It was in this quarter that Princess Farkunda lived, that royal saint who wielded so strange an influence over the rascal Prince Abu Bakr. In the days of his madness, whom the gods meant to destroy, he hunted hidden Christians in the byways of Delhi; in the intervals he rested in the rooms of a woman who had left the Moghul Court to live the life of a student saint. Had he listened to her soft words of counsel he might never have heard the whiz of Hodson's bullet.

And to-day also, beneath the white dome of the Jama in an old Jain mansion, in a street so narrow that two can scarce walk abreast, lives a modern woman who has turned her back on all other women hold most dear, for the sake of a great ideal, A slum behind the Jama, an alley from whose entrance a cow must be dis-lodged ere one can pass, with a foul stench rising better imagined than written of; for these she gladly exchanged a free colonial life,

between the river and the sea, an honoured position, yes, and dearer, to spend her days in solitary, unrequited labour among an alien race. Surely she shall reap her reward.

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